

Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

WESTERN

FEB.
10¢
NO. 57



IN THIS ISSUE: **OUTLAW MESA—**
A SIX-GUN SAGA OF THE FIGHTING WEST!



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots, \$12.75.

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TRADE MARK

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APPROVED
READING

MONTE HALE

in
Outlaw Mesa
Chapter One
THE BULLET TRAP



Outlaw Mesa...a stronghold for every outlaws and killer in the West! Here fugitives from justice reigned supreme in their inaccessible hide-out. Here, there was only the law of the gun! When Monte Hale followed the trail of a killer to the mysterious mesa, he rode into the most dangerous trap of his courageous career!

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MILO TRENT AND ME USED TO PUNCH CATTLE FOR THE CIRCLE S SPREAD. I ALWAYS CONSIDERED HIM A PAL. TWO WEEKS AGO I DRIFTED INTO THESE PARTS LOOKING FOR A JOB AND RAN INTO MILO!

IT'S BEEN TOUGH TRYING TO FIND A JOB AROUND HERE, MILO--SO I AIM TO PULL UP STAKES AND MOVE ON!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, TOM! WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN KIND OF FRIENDLY!



"SO THAT AFTERNOON I MET MILO...

HERE I AM! GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ME?



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELLED! THE RANCHERS HAVE BANKED ALL OF THEIR MONEY TODAY AND I'M GOING FOR IT!

TELLER

*BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT HE WAS UP TO, MILO PULLED HIS SHOOTING IRON AND HEADED FOR THE CASHIER...

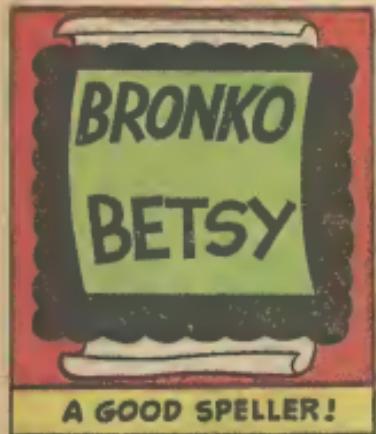
REACH! I'M TAKING THAT MONEY WITH ME!







HOW CAN MONTE POSSIBLY ESCAPE FROM THE BLISTERING GUNFIRE THAT HAS HIM AND YOUNG TOM MARKED FOR VICTIMS? — READ Chapter Two of *OUTLAW MESA*!



MONTE HALE

in Outlaw Mesa

Chapter Two
A KILLER'S
BRAND

WE'RE
TRAPPED ALL
RIGHT THEY'RE
FINDING OUR
RANGE!

I GUESS
THIS IS /
THE END!

MONTE'S KEEN EYES QUICKLY
SCAN THE AREA, SEEKING
SOMETHING THAT WOULD OPEN
THE DOOR TO SAFETY---

WAIT A MINUTE!
IF I COULD ONLY
GET MY LASSO
AROUND THAT
ROCK!

GIVE
YOURSELF
UP, HALE,
OR WE WILL
SHOOT TO
KILL!

MONTE'S DESPERATE
ATTEMPT MEETS
WITH SUCCESS!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

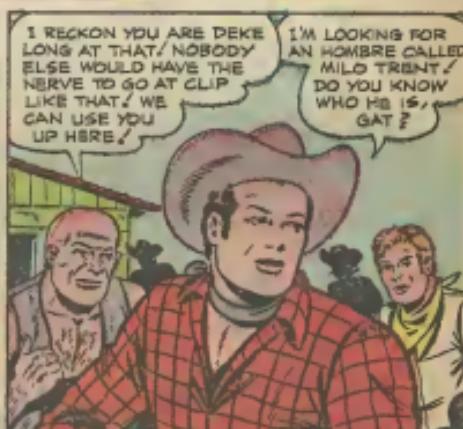
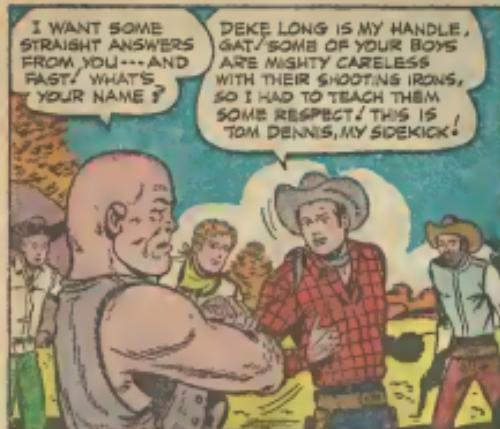
IT'S OUR
ONLY CHANCE!
I'M GOING TO TRY
TO STOP THOSE
OWLHOOFS ABOVE
FROM MAKING A
TARGET OF US!

BANG!

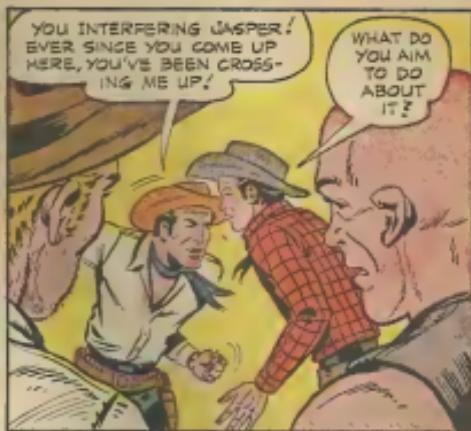
BANG!

MONTE HALE WESTERN











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in
MIXED
EMOTIONS



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SADDLE
STRINGS
LARIAT
SUDADERO
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FINGER
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DIDN'T YOU SEE ME
SIGNAL FOR YOU TO
STOP BACK THERE
IN TOWN?

YES,
I DID!



WELL, THEN
WHY DIDN'T
YOU STOP?

(SIGH) IT TOOK
ME OVER FOUR
HOURS TO GET
THIS OLD CAR
STARTED AND
AFTER ALL
THAT WORK—

IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW,
STOP!

OKAY,
OFFICER!

S-C-R-E-E-C-H!

—IT SEEMED A SHAME TO STOP HER
MERELY TO AVOID A LITTLE THING
LIKE BEING
ARRESTED!



MONTE HALE

in
Outlaw Mesa
CHAPTER THREE
SIX-GUN JUSTICE

YOU HEARD ME,
MONTE HALE! USE
THAT IRON, OR I'LL
PUT A BULLET IN
YOUR HEART!

GO AHEAD, MONTE!
I DESERVE IT FOR
GIVING YOU AWAY!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE PUTTING ON
AN ACT!

I RECKON
THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING
TO DO!

MONTE
LUNGES
FORWARD
WITH THE
IRON--
BUT IT'S
THE ROPES
THAT HOLD
TOM A
PRISONER
THAT
FEEL THE
SEARING
HEAT!

RUN
FOR IT,
TOM!

HE'S
FREEING
THE KID!

HERE, SAT
-- SUPPOSE
YOU SEE
IF IT'S HOT,
ENOUGH!

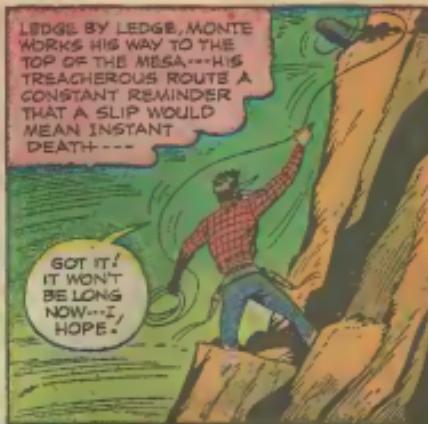
AIEEE!
MY
HAND!





MONTE HALE WESTERN





MONTE HALE WESTERN

WITH BOTH GUARDS UNCONSCIOUS, MONTE SIGNALS THE POSSE!





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TRAIL OF THE NIGHT LOON!

A Gray Hawk Story .

By Dick Kraus

GRAY HAWK frowned at his excited friend, Swift Fox. "A loon, you say? And he flies at night over the lake of Ak-Na-Ta?" he shook his head in certain doubt. "But there has been no loon in this region for many years! Are you sure, Swift Fox?"

His friend nodded! "Of course I am sure, Gray Hawk! I saw this loon, flying low over the waters of Ak-Na-Ta! I saw him . . . and I heard him! Listen!" He leaned toward the son of the chief. "If you want a loon's feathers to make a new head-dress for yourself—why not hunt this one? I will go with you! How about tonight?"

That night, the two Otapi youths slipped out of the village of their fathers. Plunging into the deep forest that could be seen just past the tepee poles, they were soon trotting through pungent corridors of lordly pines. Not a word passed between them—for Gray Hawk was intent of his plan. For years, he had been collecting various types of head-dresses! He had head-dresses made from the feathers of the golden eagle and the great wild Canada goose. He had a head-dress made from the wide-spreading horns of a buffalo bull—won in warfare from a warrior of a Plains tribe. But he had no head-dress made from the feathers of an elusive loon—and he had always wanted one. So, when Swift Fox claimed to have seen and heard a loon flying over Ak-Na-Ta, Gray Hawk was eager to hunt down the bird.

Over the ridge of the mountain the two boys paced, and then through a narrow defile in the next mountain ridge. On either side were towering, steep, boulder-studded walls. Now they came out into the open. Soon they were at the edge of a lake, fringed all about by giant trees whose branches cast weird shadows on the rippling waters.

"This is Ak-Na-Ta," said Gray Hawk. "Was it here you saw the loon?"

"Yes," nodded Swift Fox. "Now listen!" He pointed at some bullrushes at the water's edge. "You wait there—hidden in those weeds. As you wait, try and tempt the loon out of hiding, by calling like his mate! I will go

along the shore to see if I can scare him out!"

As Swift Fox melted into the underbrush, Gray Hawk waded out into the lake. Waiting there, he drew an arrow, and placed it against the string of his bow. After a few moments, crouching still, he began to utter the cry of the loon—cry that he had learned from the old men of the village.

The minutes and then the hours dragged by.

Patiently, Gray Hawk stood his watch, arrow ready, and crying like a loon! Gradually, the cold of the water seeped into his bones, until he was stiff and uncomfortable. And, as he watched the shadows of the trees on the water, and the faint reflection of the moon, glinting on Ak-Na-Ta, the Otapi boy came to have the feeling that he was being watched—that there was something evil behind him.

Feeling the back of his neck prickle, he suddenly whirled toward the shore.

As he did so—he was shocked to see several wild figures spring from the underbrush and come lunging at him—uttering unearthly cries. In the moonlight, he could see that they were painted with horrible symbols—with all sorts of colors that glowed fantastically in the night! What were they—devil or animal? And what was their will with him?

Gray Hawk was no coward! He drew back his bowstring and shouted—"Stop! Stop or I will shoot!"

As he challenged them, the onrushing figures suddenly halted. Choking with laughter, they threw themselves on the ground. Unbelieving he saw they were friends of his—youths of the Otapi tribe. There was Three-Toe Bear . . . and Red Plume, and Young Fawn! And there—laughing louder than any of them—was Swift Fox!

As Swift Fox rolled over on the ground, he asked, "Did you see the loon, Gray Hawk? We heard you! You sounded just like a lady loon!"

And the other boys gaped—"How was the water? Warm? And did our costumes fool you? Did you think we were evil spirits?"

Gray Hawk realized that it was a joke his friends had played upon him! They had left

MONTE HALE WESTERN

him there in the water, crying like a night loon, while they probably camped not far away, chuckling noiselessly to themselves. And then, daubing themselves with phosphorescent paint, made from decayed vegetable matter, they had capped the joke by springing out at him!

He began to laugh. "You fooled me, Swift Fox. And yes, Red Plume, the water was cold! Very cold!"

After a few more moments of laughter, the boys turned away from the lake. They had a long journey before they returned to the village of the Otpapi, and they wanted to be back before dawn. Loping through the forest, Gray Hawk suddenly held up a hand.

"Listen!" he cried. "Are those voices?" One of the other boys quickly returned with, "Do not try to fool us, Gray Hawk! We play the jokes tonight!"

But, within a few moments, the sound was unmistakable.

The Otpapi boys flattened themselves on the ground, and hid behind stumps and boulders. Hushed, they watched as a long file of warriors passed by them through a forest clearing. They were heavily armed and they bore the war paint of the Hatchet tribe! When they had disappeared in the forest, Gray Hawk turned to his friends.

"Hatchet warriors! They must be going to attack our village—to kill our braves and carry off plunder!"

"We must warn our fathers!" one of the boys whispered.

"No!" said Gray Hawk. "There is no time to get the village ready . . . to get the women and children to safety. I have a better idea." He pointed through the dark forest. "The Hatchet warriors must go through the mountain pass that we came through. If we can get there ahead of them, we can ambush them! In the paint you are wearing . . . you look like devils. They are superstitious braves—full of terror of the unknown. Will you do it?"

The other boys nodded. In all matters such as this, Gray Hawk was their leader, and they trusted him. Quickly they sped through the forest, cutting a wide path around the Hatchet war party. Soon they were at the narrow pass through the mountain ridge. Gray Hawk stationed the other boys.

"Three-Toes, you hide there! Swift Fox, you stay by that hollow log—and be ready to pound it. Red Plume, you go there! And I will climb up the side of this pass! Wait for my signal."

It was not long before the enemy warriors came striding through the night, faces grim with the thought of the vicious attack they were going to make on a helpless, sleeping tribe.

Atop the pass, Gray Hawk waited until they were almost in the defile. Then, shrieking wildly, he pushed a huge boulder toward the edge—and it plummeted down toward the Hatchet war party!

At once, bedlam broke loose! The other boys sprang forward, staying within the pass, where they were safe from the falling rocks. They shrieked and shouted, and danced—with the phosphorescent paint on them making them look like strange, horrible idols. Swift Fox pounded on the hollow log, the sound echoing along the cliff-face. And, overhead, Gray Hawk thrust boulder after boulder over the lip of the pass—down at the enemy!

Screaming in terror, abandoning their weapons, the Hatchet braves turned tail and fled. Within a few moments, they had vanished . . .

"But they will not stop running for many miles!" Gray Hawk said, clambering down among his friends.

They clapped him on the back.

"It worked! It worked!" they shouted. "You have saved the tribe, Gray Hawk!" Swift Fox thrust himself forward, his face serious. "Listen, friend," he said. "I am sorry we played that trick on you. It is a shame that you do not have a loon's head-dress, to pay for this night's work!"

Gray Hawk laughed. Leaning down, he picked up an object that lay on the ground and held it out.

"**S**WIFT FOX," he said. "I saw one of those Hatchet warriors with a loon feather head-dress! As he ran, I knocked it from his head with an arrow." Slowly, the Otpapi boy placed it on his own head. It looked regal and splendid in the moonlight.

"I must thank you for playing the joke on me," he said. "Because of it, we have saved our people from a terrible attack—and I have a new head-dress to wear! Does it not look fine?"

THE END

Follow the adventures of GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.

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